

There is more beauty past the surface

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There is more beauty past the surface

by [Colourspaz](#)

Summary

Dream's eyes are green.

Dream's eyes are green, and George can't see green.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Chapter 1

Dream's eyes are green.

Dream's eyes are green, and George can't see green.

Dream's eyes are green, and even though George can't see green, he thinks they're absolutely beautiful.

Because it's not about the colour. George doesn't doubt that they're a very nice shade of green, but it's not about the colour.

It's about how they sparkle when he's pulling a prank. It's about the smile lines around them, worn in and nearly constant. It's about how they can always find George in a crowd. It's about how adoringly they look at George when Dream thinks he's distracted. It's about how his eyelids droop when he's sleepy, betraying his protests of "I'm not tired!" It's about how they flutter shut when George kisses him, eyelashes long enough to brush George's cheeks.

Dream's eyes are green, and George can't see green, but George loves them anyways.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

It's about how they sparkle when he's pulling a prank.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“DREAM! What on Earth-” George’s voice is cut off by a wheeze from the other end.

“Took you- took you-” Dream dissolves into laughter again. “Took you long enough to notice! I’ve practically got grey hair over here!”

George huffs into his microphone and starts gathering up the rosebushes planted around his base.

“How long did it even take you to gather all of these? I already have a stack and a half!” George exclaims. Dream shrugs. “You were up super late, weren’t you? I swear- Dream, you can’t keep doing this.” His tone takes on a more serious note.

“Oh, I’m fine, Georgie, you don’t need to worry about me. Look at me! I’m practically glowing.” Dream teases, and when George looks over at his second monitor, he finds that Dream has indeed turned his camera on. It’s a rare treat, even to one of his closest friends. “See? I look hot as shit.”

“You look like shit, more like.” George fires back.

George won’t deny that his friend is attractive. That he finds him attractive. He has a tendency to turn his camera on after pranks, George has noticed- and the first thing he always spots are his eyes. Fairytales and romance novels always talk about someone having a ‘twinkle’ in their eyes, but George had always scoffed that off. Until he saw Dream.

Whenever he pranks George (Whenever he pranks anyone, really, but George seems to be his favourite-) he’ll get this cheeky little grin on his face like he knows every move that’s about to play out and his eyes -oh, his eyes- will get shiny, nearly sparkling, as if his joy were a physical manifestation.

George doesn’t think he could ever get tired of it, really.

“-eorge? You listening?” Dream teases, and there’s that grin, that sparkle.

“No, I zoned out because your voice is too boring. What’s up?”

Dream laughs. “I was asking if you wanted to meet up. Like, in person.”

Oh. That’s new.

Chapter End Notes

Y'all blew up the poem so uh here (Seriously though thank you I've never had anything grow like this before <3)

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

it's about the smile lines around them, worn in and nearly constant

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George really, really hates airports. There's too many people, too much stress over crowds and security and schedules and timing, they always smell so artificial and everything is so *expensive*.

However, when he steps off the nearly 10-hour flight in Florida at 9:33 in the evening, nothing about the airport could bother him a bit. His backpack is heavy on his back and he's trying to not drop his phone, texting 'Just arrived :D' to Dream with shaky hands. He keeps his messages open as he walks down towards baggage claim, glancing down at it every few seconds.

Dream: I'm right outside baggage claim, meet you there :D

George shoves his phone in his pocket and pretends his stomach isn't doing somersaults. He finds baggage claim, locates which carousel is his flight, and waits for his suitcase to come around, tapping anxiously on his leg and trying to not search for Dream outside, because that'll just get him overexcited.

Finally, *finally*, his suitcase comes rolling along the conveyor and he grabs it, getting it upright and pulling out the handle as fast as he can. He heads right for the doors and groans softly when the heat hits him, although he assumes it would have been worse were it daytime. He scans left and right; looking for height, for blond hair, for lots of blue- George remembers the conversation they'd had just a few days earlier.

"So, how will I find you in the airport?" George asks, gathering the last of his cords into his backpack.

"I'll just wear a lot of blue." Dream says, shrugging.

"Why blue?" George asks, pausing and looking back over at his monitor.

"It's one of the colours you can see the easiest, right?" Dream asks, nonchalantly.

George says nothing, pretending he isn't incredibly flustered, and thanks the fact that his webcam isn't on.

Finally, he spots someone leaning against a car across the road that seems to fit the description, in double denim, blonde, and looking at his phone. Although he can't see his face, George won't deny that his first thought is *Damn, he's attractive*.

He feels his cheeks heat up and tries to shove it down or blame it on the heat as he crosses the road, heading in the direction of the man and hoping he's the right one.

As he steps up the curb, lost in thought and only a few feet away from the man, he forgets to pull

his suitcase up too, and as a result, it gets stuck on the curb and he starts falling forwards. Before he can put his hands out to catch himself, the pavement stops approaching and he becomes acutely aware of a pair of arms around his torso.

“Wow, George, I knew you were falling for me, but I didn’t expect you to mean it so literally.”

The hands help George back upright, and oh, George is *definitely* blushing now.

“What, I don’t even get a hello?”

George finally looks up, and Dream is smiling at him.

God, he’s even prettier in person.

“...Hi.” George says, finding himself slowly grinning too. Dream’s grin gets even wider, and George takes note of something he’d never seen over video calls. Dream has smile lines practically etched into the corners of his eyes, decorated with a few freckles here and there. George thinks they’re absolutely adorable.

“So, do I get a hug or-”

George is throwing himself into Dream’s arms before he can even finish his sentence. The reality of the situation is finally setting in. He’s *here. With Dream. He’s in Dream’s arms. And god, Dream is fucking gorgeous in person.*

“You’re here.” Dream says.

“I’m here,” George echos, “Now can we get out of this stupid airport?”

Chapter End Notes

mwah i give kith to all my dear readers
i had fun writing this one i hope you liked reading it

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

It's about how they can always find him in a crowd.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The carnival really did sound like a good idea at first. Games and rides and every fried and sugary food known to man; Dream practically begged George to agree to go. So come 8 pm Friday evening, they're climbing into Dream's car and starting down the highway to the carnival.

"How much further?" George fake-whines. Dream chuckles, keeping his eyes on the road.

"You'll know it when you see it."

George rolls his eyes and leans back in the seat.

Dream isn't wrong, though, because about five minutes later they turn onto a dirt road and George can see light flaring up from the middle of a field. As they get closer, the carnival comes more into view, and it is *gigantic*. There's bright lights covering every single machine and game stand and food vendor, and even though George can't see them, he's sure the colours are absolutely vibrant.

"Wow," is all he can say, as Dream turns onto the field and begins looking for a place to park. The parking lot is jam-packed, and based on the glimpses George has seen, the carnival is even more crowded on the inside. They find a spot on the edge of the field and as they climb out, George notices a blanket in the backseat.

"What's the blanket for?" He asks, cautiously, his brain already thinking of an answer. Dream looks over at him, and smiles.

"There's a fireworks show later. I thought we could sit out here and watch it."

Oh. That makes sense. Georgenods in response and falls into step with Dream, pretending like his heart isn't beating a little faster than normal. They join the long line of people waiting to buy tickets, and Dream busies himself with looking at the board.

"So, we can buy a certain amount of ride and game tickets for \$2 each, or we can buy wristbands that let you do any ride and game for \$14." Dream informs him, still looking past the crowd of people.

"Which one do you think we should get?" George asks. Dream shrugs.

"Depends on how many games you want to play."

"You're the one showing me around, don't you know which ones are best?" George points out.

"Fair enough. I guess we'll just have to try them all." He says, and grins. When they get to the ticket counter, Dream promptly asks for two wristbands. He places a hand on George's arm when

George goes to reach for his wallet, and says “Relax, I’ve got it.” George huffs and says “Fine, but I’m paying for the food.”

As they walk away from the counter, paper wristbands taped on, the woman behind it says “Enjoy your date!”

George freezes for just a second and stumbles, and Dream easily slips an arm around his shoulders, steadying him. Neither of them say anything, neither of them respond to the lady, but both of their faces are flaming red.

“...So, where first?” Dream eventually asks, breaking the silence. George shrugs. “You’re the one who’s been here before.” As soon as the words leave his mouth, a little grin starts forming on Dream’s face, and he grabs George’s wrist and starts pulling him through the twisting pathways and crowds of people.

“Wha- Dream!” George exclaims, but he follows behind Dream quickly. They end up near the back of the carnival, in an alley of games, and Dream drags George towards one with waterguns. They show the man their wristbands, and he explains the game briefly, and then Dream and George take their places at the waterguns, and start shooting.

Immediately, Dream gains a large lead, clearly much more practiced at the game than George.

“You ass! No, no, stop winning, stop- *Dream!*” George exclaims, when the meter behind Dream’s target reaches the top. Dream does a little fist pump in celebration, and then turns to George and winks.

“Guess you should get good, huh?” Dream teases. George rolls his eyes.

“I can’t believe you just said that.”

Dream just chuckles softly and stands up from his stool.

“Maybe next time, Georgie.”

George pouts, and follows him to the next game.

~

Somewhere in between the 10th game and the 11th, Dream has to use the bathroom, so he slips away from George’s side. The thing is, they’re right by a gigantic rollercoaster, so George doesn’t exactly *hear* Dream telling him that he’s leaving.

Which is why, after five minutes of aimless walking, George turns around to ask Dream where they’re going, and Dream decidedly is not there.

George panics.

He immediately turns all the way around, searching as if Dream is just a few steps behind him. Nothing. He turns all around, eyes searching every which way and cursing the bright lights of the carnival’s attractions.

Meanwhile, Dream steps out of the bathroom, and when he doesn’t see George waiting outside, he frowns. His first instinct is to look around the crowd, maybe he’s just a little ways away. He is not. So Dream starts walking, long strides along the path they were taking, and he looks around, one hand clutching his phone in his pocket, just in case.

He makes it near the game alley, the original one, and he almost immediately spots George. He's not sure how. George kind of just...sticks out to him. He immediately rushes forwards, and once he's close enough, rests a hand on George's shoulder, making the man startle and turn.

"Hey-"

"Where did you *go?!'*" George demands, stepping even closer to Dream. "I turned around and you were nowhere!"

Dream frowns apologetically. "I'm sorry. I had to use the bathroom, I told you but I don't think you heard me, we were by the rollercoaster."

George frowns. "All the way back there? Then how did you find me so quickly?"

Dream shrugs and hopes to God his face isn't heating up.

"I don't know. It's easy to spot you, you stand out to me."

George gives him an odd little smile he can't quite decipher, and they move on to the next game.

~

They've played so many games that George has lost count. Dream has won most of them, and after George yelled "BULLSHIT!" and had a white suburban mom glare at him, Dream eased off, and decided to make a deal.

"Okay. How about this. You pick a game, and if I lose it, I'll consider the evening your win."

George hums thoughtfully.

"Mmm, I want different stakes."

Dream raises an eyebrow. "Like what?"

"We both know you're not going to end up losing. So, my offer is that you have to win me something. Something good." George states, smirking.

Dream's mouth curves into a grin. "Oh, you're on."

Five minutes later, Dream is handing George a large blue stuffed squid, and George is grinning like he's 12. Dream scoffs and rolls his eyes, but he can't help smiling as well, George's cheerful "Thank you!" making his heart flutter.

"Don't- don't mention it," he says.

"Can we go get food now?" George asks, moving the squid so that it's hanging from his shoulders.

"Of course," Dream says, and wraps a hand around George's elbow. "C'mon!"

They buy fried dough and lemonade, cotton candy and milkshakes, and a sundae big enough to share.

"I'm paying, remember?" George says, and Dream sighs.

"If you insist."

“You paid for the wristbands, it’s only fair that I pay for this.”

The woman running the sundae stand mistakes them for a couple, when they order. To be fair, their arms are still linked and they’re ordering a sundae to share, but c’mon. She didn’t have to point it out. They both thank her politely, not wanting to cause confusion, and as soon as they’re around the corner, they catch each other’s eye and burst out laughing.

“That’s the second time tonight!” Dream exclaims.

“Maybe the stans aren’t totally crazy.” George murmurs, and Dream chuckles.

“So, do you want to eat this here or go back to my car and wait for the fireworks? They don’t allow re-entry, I’m pretty sure.” Dream asks, changing the subject easily.

George pauses in his steps, looking around at the carnival and the crowds that haven’t shrunk at all, and he says “Yeah, let’s go to your car.”

Dream carries most of the food, since George whines about having to carry the squid.

“Hey, you wanted me to win that for you.” Dream points out.

“Wow, some boyfriend you are.” George jokes in return.

Dream fumbles with the keys and the trunk of his car opens, and he carefully sets down the food in the trunk, prompting George to follow. Dream grabs the blanket from the backseat and spreads it out on the grass, and George practically collapses on it, cuddling his giant squid.

“I’m dying, Dream, help me.” George laments.

Dream snorts. “Fine, I guess I’m eating all this carnival food by myself.”

George sits up with a huff.

Slowly, they make their way through the food, talking about nothing and everything, Minecraft, their friends, whether or not they think Sapnap is still up, and if they should call him.

In the end, they don’t. They reason it as something vaguely about community college, and homework, and sleep schedules. But they both know the real reason; they want to spend as much time together, just the two of them as they can. And that may sound selfish, but it’s not everyday you get to go to the carnival with your crush.

The food gets finished, and the trash is put to the side, to be taken care of later. George yawns and hugs his squid close to his chest, burying his face in its head.

“Don’t fall asleep on me now, Georgie, the fireworks haven’t started yet.” Dream teases. George hums and shifts himself so that he’s directly next to Dream, and he lays his head on Dream’s shoulder.

“Make sure I stay awake, then.” George murmurs, and Dream is glad George can’t see how *red* he is.

“...Sure.” Dream says. He doesn’t follow it up.

The fireworks start, and they can hear cheering from the fairgrounds. Dream sneaks a glance down at George, and he doesn’t want to admit that he’s breathtaken, but he is. He so is. He’s so gone for George, and having him this close as only a friend makes his heart hurt.

George's eyes are glassy as he looks up at the fireworks, and he's got a soft smile on his face that Dream never wants to see go away.

Dream thinks back to...too many moments to count, really. Where he'd told George 'I love you' or 'You're cute' or any sort of relationship-type phrase, really. And while George never seemingly returned the sentiment on camera, he more than made up for it when it was just the two of them.

So, heart hammering against his ribcage, Dream makes his move.

"Hey, George?"

"Hmm?"

"...I love you."

George smiles that odd, confused smile again, and before he can ask anything else, Dream starts talking again.

"I really, really love you, George. As more than a friend. As so much more than a friend. You're fucking perfect, you're so funny and so kind and humble and so goddamn adorable, and it *hurts* not being able to tell you 'I love you' as more than a friend."

George is silent, and he slowly lifts his head from Dream's shoulder. Dream is still looking up at the fireworks.

Slowly, hesitantly, a chaste kiss finds its way to his cheek. Dream's frozen in shock, mouth hanging open slightly.

"I love you too, Dream."

A soft hand lands on his jaw, turning his face to the side, and there's George, smiling at him like he's the center of the universe.

Dream's voice is barely a whisper. "Can I kiss you?"

George's smile grows wider, and he says "Of course," voice equally as quiet.

Dream leans in and connects their lips, eyes closing and hands making their way to George's waist. The hand that's been on his jaw all along stays there, and the other moves up into his hair, thumb rubbing in soothing circles.

In the background, fireworks explode like every cliché romance movie there is.

When they finally part, George's thumb swipes at Dream's cheek, and he giggles.

"Even I can tell how red you are."

Dream leans in for another kiss. And then another, and another, and when he leans back, he's looking at George and grinning.

"What?"

"Your lips taste like ice cream."

"Shut up."

Dream throws his head back, and he laughs, the mose carefree he's felt in months.

(Later, when they get back to the house, Dream doesn't mind having to carry his sleeping boyfriend inside. And when he curls up next to him in bed, he presses a kiss to George's forehead and whispers "I love you" like it's the deepest secret in his heart. Right before he closes his eyes, he can see George smiling.)

Chapter End Notes

lmao sorry this took so long i got a new computer n shit

also this kinda,,,went off the rails lmao. I'm finishing it at three am I've been writing for like an hour. I also lowkey might have forgotten to include the actual poem part of the prompt,,,yeah. I got caught up in the gay carnival shenanigans
sorry if this seems rushed

oh also I'm colourspaz on tumblr and twitter, skyromaniac on insta if you wanna hit me up with an idea or prompt or smth

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

It's about how adoringly they look at George when Dream thinks he's distracted.

Chapter Notes

i wrote this all in one sitting after telling myself 'get off ur ass'

enjoy

also this chap is unofficially dedicated to venetapsi and amelie_song cause veneta's bomb as fuck and he lets me send him the wips and amelie is fuckin amazing at writing and id like to think we've developed a solidarity in commenting

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“I don’t want to go home. Now that I’ve seen your pretty face, I don’t think I can leave.” George says, teasingly.

“I think you’re over exaggerating, I’m not *that* pretty.” Dream says, moving his thumb in soothing circles from where his hand is resting on George’s waist.

“You *are*.” George pouts. “It’s not *fair*.”

Dream presses a soft kiss to his forehead. “We’ll facetime.”

“I don’t have an iPhone.”

“We’ll use Discord.”

“Do you even have a camera?”

Dream laughs. “You’re ridiculous. I don’t have a great one, but I have one. Plus- it’s a good excuse for a new one.” He winks, and George rolls his eyes.

“We’ll make it work, babe.” Dream’s voice is softer, more serious.

“I know.”

Flight 346, direct travel to London, England, is now boarding at gate 18. Please make sure you board on time. Thank you.

They both know that’s George’s flight. Neither of them want to say it.

“I love you.”

“I love you, too.”

A kiss. Neither of them want to pull away first. Dream's arms feel so warm around George's waist. It's nice. Secure.

George pulls away, and looks Dream in the eyes. (*They're so pretty*, he thinks. He can see the patterns, even if he can't see the colours.)

"I'll call you when I land, okay?"

"...Okay." Dream's voice is thick with almost-tears.

Neither of them say *I'll miss you*. It'll feel too final.

"...I have to go."

"Okay." Dream's hands slowly fall from George's waist.

George presses one last kiss to Dream's cheek. Then he turns, suitcase in hand, and he's walking away, and Dream misses him already.

~

Incoming Discord call from 'Georgie <3 <3 <3'

Dream smiles unwittingly, and picks up the call. All he sees for a moment is the ceiling of a room, and then George picks the phone up from his desk.

"Hey." Dream knows his grin looks lovestruck.

"Hi. Sorry, I would have called earlier, but- customs was annoying, and I had to get a taxi before it was too late, and I wanted to unpack before I could procrastinate and- oh! Right! When on *earth* did you sneak this into my suitcase?" George asks, holding up a green and grey sweatshirt.

Dream laughs. "When you were packing your bathroom stuff. Do you like it?"

George tries to hide his smile behind his sleeves. "No. It's absolutely hideous, what a terrible gift."

Dream laughs. "Try it on."

George rolls his eyes. "This is going to be *gigantic* on me, Dream, I'm not-"

"I love you." Dream interrupts him. George pauses in his protests and sighs.

"That's just bribery."

But despite his grumbling, George starts pulling off his current sweatshirt and tosses it to the side, and Dream feels his face go red at the bit of skin that shows from under George's shirt. George pulls Dream's sweatshirt on over his head, and oh my *god*, Dream thinks, he's fucking *adorable*. The sweatshirt drapes just so that it shows some collarbone, and the sleeves go over his hands and it fits just about every single 'oversized sweatshirt' stereotype, but Dream still thinks he might die on the spot.

"Dream?" George's voice snaps him out of his thoughts.

"Hmm?"

"You went quiet, everything alright?" George asks, chuckling slightly.

“Yeah, yeah, no, I’m fine, it’s just- you’re hot as fuck, babe.” Dream says, bluntly.

George’s face goes red and he pulls his hands up over his face.

”*Dream!!*”

Dream starts laughing. “What? It’s true, y’know.”

George rolls his eyes for what must be the third time that night. “Whatever. Anyways, let me tell you about this insane taxi driver, I swear, I must have the worst luck in the world, because...”

George delves into his story, but Dream is only half-listening. He can’t stop staring, because holy *fuck* is George cute- in Dream’s sweatshirt, no less.

George starts moving around the room, putting more clothes away, unpacking and sorting everything out- he’s clearly not paying much attention, so Dream figures it’s alright to stare a little.

“-and then get this, he makes the wrong turn and then *has the audacity to-* Dream?”

Dream snaps back to attention. “Hm?”

“You’re- you’re kind of staring.” George says, but he can’t hold back a giggle.

Dream moves away from the frame, embarrassed. “Sorry. I’ll stop, I know I shouldn’t have-”

“No, no, it’s fine.” George cuts him off. There’s an odd little smile on his face, and he looks into the camera for a moment before he continues his story.

~

It’s about midnight for Dream, the next day.

It’s about midnight for Dream, which means it’s about five am for George.

Which is why Dream is mildly concerned when he gets a text from George. It’s not *that* unusual for him to be up that late -they are streamers, after all- but Dream is still worried, especially since George had said he was going to bed about six hours earlier.

Georgie <3 <3 <3: hey uh can i tell u smth

Dream: of course, what’s up?

Georgie <3 <3 <3: okay ao u know how we were on call the other day

Georgie <3 <3 <3: and u were staring

Dream’s heart sinks a little, and his fingers start moving, typing out an apology already.

Georgie <3 <3 <3: and dont judge me but uh

Georgie <3 <3 <3: i kinda liked it

Georgie <3 <3 <3: and dont u dare call me kinky or smth

Georgie <3 <3 <3: it’s just this thing that you do

Georgie <3 <3 <3: whenever im distracted or smth, or u think im distracted, and u just start staring

at me like im the most beautiful incredible amazing person in the world and i just aauhshjdah

Georgie <3 <3 <3: it makes me feel really really loved okay

Georgie <3 <3 <3: and i love u a lot too

Georgie <3 <3 <3: even if i dont say it verbally very often

Georgie <3 <3 <3: youre the best fuckin thing thats ever happened to me

Georgie <3 <3 <3: really

Dream's heart feels like it's absolutely *bursting*. He hasn't got tears forming in his eyes, shut *up*.

Dream: oh my god

Dream: oh my god holy fuck

Dream: i love you too georgie holy shit

Dream: im so glad i can do that for you i love you so much

Dream: i really can never say it enough

Dream: youre so fucking cute i love you

Georgie <3 <3 <3: i love you too

Georgie <3 <3 <3: i love you

Dream: i love you

Georgie <3 <3 <3: i love you!!

Dream: i love you!!

Georgie <3 <3 <3: I LOVE YOU!!

Dream: I LOVE YOU!!

Georgie <3 <3 <3: I LOVE YOU!!

Dream: I LOVE YOU!!

Dream can't help but burst out laughing as he sees the typing bubble pop up again. And as the next 'I love you' comes in, sent from a continent away, he feels a warm, fluttering feeling in his heart that he really, really doesn't want to leave.

Chapter End Notes

well?? well?? i wrote this at one am on a bunk bed with two other people asleep in the

room and no a/c, please give me validation
also the formatting for that texting was hell
anyways next two oneshots should come quicker this time (and maybe an
epilogue???????)

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

It's about how his eyelids droop when he's sleepy, betraying his protests of "I'm not tired!"

Chapter Notes

this one is unofficially dedicated to the fanfic therapy discord and everyone in it
mwah <3
not super proud of this one, kinda rushed but I want to get the next one out soon lol

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It's become somewhat of a routine for them, to video call before they go to sleep. If neither is streaming or up late editing or recording, then they'll call. It helps if either one of them has had a bad day, or can't sleep, or is feeling crummy. It helps with the long distance, too.

Incoming Discord call from 'gross bf'

George smiles softly and leans back in his chair, away from his desk and his monitors and his editing software, and he picks up the call. Dream's face fills his screen- well, half of it. Dream's got his blankets pulled up to his chin, and he's clearly in bed.

"Hi, Dream," George greets him. He can't see Dream's mouth, but he can see the smile lines on his eyes crinkle and he can't help but grin in return.

"You look comfortable," he comments, and he hears Dream groan.

"I'm so cozy. I'm *so* cozy, it's not even fair. But I can't go to sleeeeeeep, Georgie, it's so annoyinnngggg..." Dream whines. George hums in sympathy.

"And I didn't even have caffeine or anything, I wasn't on my computer super late...hang on, why are *you* up? Isn't it, like, six am for you?" Dream asks, brow furrowing.

"I took a nap at like, ten pm and then woke up at three am, so...it's fine?" George says. Dream tilts his head to the side in agreement.

"Okay, that's acceptable. But it's still not faaaair. Maybe you stole my sleep from me," Dream pouts. "And now I'm doomed to a ruined sleep schedule."

George laughs. "Right, yes, that's exactly what happened. Because that's totally how the world works."

"Hey, it's possible."

A silence falls over the two of them, and George finds himself tracing patterns on Dream's

freckles.

“I miss you.”

Dream says it so quietly George almost doesn't hear him.

“I miss you too. You need to come here, to England.” George responds.

“Mmm...why should I?” Dream asks, and George just *knows* he's got a shit-eating grin under those blankets.

“Because I already went to your American hellhole of humidity. Because I miss you. Because there's so many cool places I want to take you.”

“Like where?” Dream prompts. “All the romantic spots?”

George rolls his eyes.

“You know what, because you said that, no.”

Dream starts laughing on the other end, and George can't help but laugh along.

“God, you're ridiculous.”

“But that's why you love me, right?” Dream asks, eyes sparkling.

“Mmm, maybe. Now do you want to hear about these places or not?”

Dream buries himself further under the covers, and nods, and so George begins.

“Well, first, probably this cafe down the road, it's really nice to just sit in and watch the foot traffic outside, and they have this really good hot chocolate, and their biscuits are baked in store and they're really tasty warm...” George trails off when he sees Dream's eyes smiling again. “Sorry. Sort of started rambling.”

“It's okay. You're cute.”

George feels his face go red.

“...Shut up. Hang on, let me send you a picture of this cafe, it really is as cozy as it looks.” George says, pulling up his photos and scrolling through them. “Oh! And we have to go to this cathedral, we don't have to go to the service or anything, but I want to show you the stained glass and there's an orchestra that plays there sometimes, and the ceilings are so tall and the music sounds so pretty...” He taps his screen a few times, and a photo of a very cozy looking cafe and a grand-looking cathedral show up in the chat.

“Oh, wow, those do look super cool.” Dream murmurs. He already sounds sleepier.

“They are. Let's see, where else...oh, there's this spot outside of town, over a cliff...you can see some of the sea, and the sunset- although I can't say much about the sunset. It's mostly one colour to me.” George says.

“There's this set of shops on this one street, and they're all incredible...there's a games shop, and a geeky comic shop, and a antique bookstore, and there's this thrift store that I've found so many good hoodies at...there's another cafe, and there's a good pub, and there's this spot in between shops with a bunch of chalk laying around and you can draw all over the walls and stuff...and

there's a sweets shop with really good ice cream and butterscotch candies...anyways. Yeah. There's a bunch of nice places to go."

"It does sound really nice. Now I really do want to go, dang. Take you on a proper date, like the carnival." Dream says, and George laughs.

"It'd be *me* taking *you* on a date, silly. Cause I know the area better. And don't you dare say 'Fine, then I'll pay.'" George says, holding a finger up in the air. Dream starts laughing, eyes scrunching shut. "You caught me. I just like spoiling my boyfriend, what's wrong with that?"

"...Shut up."

Dream just smiles. "Tell me more about the stores. They sound-" he pauses to yawn, "-they sound nice."

"Of course."

~

"...candy floss the size of your *head*, I swear- Dream?"

Dream's eyes flutter open and refocus on the camera. "Hmmm?"

"Are you paying attention?" George asks, bemused.

Dream just nods, eyes blinking quickly and squeezing shut in an attempt to clear them. "Keep talkin' please, your voice is pretty."

"Dream, I think you should go to sleep now. I can always tell you more in the morning, love." George says, unable to wipe the lovestruck grin from his face.

"...M' not tired."

"...Isn't the reason you called me in the first place because you couldn't sleep?"

Dream shrugs.

"Go to sleep, Dream. I'll be here in the morning, I promise."

"...M'kay, fine...g'night, Georgie. I love you."

"I love you too, Dream. Sleep well."

'gross bf' has left the call.

'Georgie <3 <3 <3' has left the call.

Chapter End Notes

uhhh enjoy lol
please comment it gives me so much serotonin

Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

It's about how they flutter shut when George kisses him, eyelashes long enough to brush George's cheeks.

Chapter Notes

haha there's angst in this one :)
(airport anxiety, anxiety about being abandoned/forgotten and a bit of invasive thoughts, from basically the beginning to "George!" if anyone needs to scroll past <3)
just be glad it's not the angst I told the fanfic therapy discord about :)
shoutout to that server cause they're the ones that saw my concept notes for that chapter

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George still hates airports. There's still too many people, still too much stress over everything, they still smell so artificial and everything is still so expensive.

But the knowledge that *this is the last flight he'll have to take for a long time* makes all his grievances disappear. He's moving to America. He's moving in *with Dream*. He couldn't be happier, he really couldn't.

It's been two and a half years since George visited; since they went to the carnival and kissed under the fireworks. (Sapnap still teases them about it.) It's been one year since Dream visited England; since they went to every single place George promised to take him. (Somewhere, there's a photo of them kissing, hidden behind a gigantic stick of candy floss. Sapnap teased them about that one too.)

And now George is heading to Florida once again, only with a lot more of his belongings and no return ticket. His heart is racing and his hands are shaking as he steps off the plane. Even with the promise of Dream being there, he still hates airports. (He gets a sense of déjà vu, walking down to the baggage claim.) As soon as he gets there, his eyes start sweeping the crowd, searching for Dream.

He doesn't see him. Okay, he hasn't gotten a text, maybe Dream's still on the way. Maybe there's traffic. (*Or maybe his car crashed*, his brain says.) Or maybe he's looking for a parking spot. (*Or maybe he hasn't even left his house yet*, his brain insists. *Maybe he forgot about you.*)

He wouldn't do that, would he? George thinks. *He wouldn't- he wouldn't forget me.*

His hands are still shaking when he grabs his suitcase from the carousel and pulls his phone out of his pocket. No new messages. No missed calls. He swallows down the lump in his throat, and shoves his phone back in his pocket with more force than necessary. His eyes burn as he walks over to the wall, hand holding tight to his phone, from where it's tucked into his pocket. He hates

airports.

Time passes. How much, he's not sure, but it can't be that much. His hands are still shaking, and his eyes are still burning, but he won't let himself cry. Won't let himself give into his brain's negative (truths) thoughts.

It's been hours, his brain says. *He's forgotten-*

"George!"

His head snaps up, towards the doors. Dream is walking through the crowd, eyes locked on George and smiling slightly. George moves away from the wall and starts towards Dream, relief flooding his veins.

As soon as he's within arms reach, Dream grabs him by the waist and pulls him into a tight kiss, one that George gladly returns, hands on either side of Dream's face and not wanting to let go. Dream's hands are warm, and his lips taste of stupid cherry chapstick, and all of George's anxieties fly out the window.

He's here. He's *here*, and he's in Dream's arms, and he's staying.

Dream pulls away the barest amount, and when he speaks, his lips brush George's.

"Hi."

"Hi."

George pulls him back in, and as Dream kisses him back, he can feel Dream's eyelashes flutter against his cheek, as his eyes close.

"You're pretty," George murmurs, not opening his eyes. Dream's hands squeeze his waist in return.

"C'mon, let's get out of here," Dream says, "You can kiss me more at our house."

Our house.

George giggles.

"What?" Dream asks, hands leaving George's waist to grab the handle of his suitcase.

"Just...it's *our* house. We're moving in together, Dream." George exclaims, voice practically giddy.

Dream's free hand reaches over to grab George's, and he squeezes it.

"I love you."

George squeezes back.

"I love you too."

They walk out of the airport hand in hand.

~

They're about halfway home, driving along the highway, when Dream brings it up.

“Hey, were you okay earlier? Right before I walked in...you looked kind of...well, kind of scared.”

Dream’s free hand is on the divider, and George reaches over and grabs it, impulsively.

“I...it was nothing, really. Just...just me being stupid.” George tells him. Dream frowns.

“It’s not stupid, George- was the plane bad or something?”

George shrugs.

“The plane was fine, I just- I don’t know. You know I don’t like airports. And I was so excited to see you, and then I got down to baggage claim and you weren’t there, and I didn’t have any texts, and I started telling myself that you’d gotten hurt, or that you had- that you had- that you forgot about me.” George blurts out, all in a rush. At the last part of the sentence, he hears Dream inhale sharply.

“George, no- I’m so sorry. I would never forget about you, I promise. There was traffic, and I was on the highway and I didn’t want to risk texting and driving, and I-”

“Dream, it’s okay. You didn’t do anything wrong. It’s just my stupid anxiety brain.” George says, cutting him off. When he looks over, Dream still looks guilty. “Dream, really. It’s okay. You don’t have to apologize for anything.”

“...I know, but I still feel bad.” Dream says, frowning.

“...Tell you what. It’s neither of our faults, and if you still feel bad, then you can ‘make it up to me’ by cuddling me extra tonight, and letting the cats sleep in our bed.” George says, only half-teasing. He sees the smile tugging at Dream’s lips, and he squeezes Dream’s hand when he says “...Okay.”

~

It’s been one week and three days since they moved in together, and it’s been fucking paradise. All of their possessions have arrived, their cats have settled in (and are blissfully getting along together), and they’ve got everything put together, and they’ve got their computers set up (with their offices on either side of the house, to avoid ruining each other’s audio,) and most importantly, they’ve got their router set up. Which means that both of them can stream now.

The tweet is George’s idea. At first, he tweets out a simple ‘Stream in about 15 min w/ @Dreamwastaken and @TwSapnap’ and leaves it at that, but then he gets an idea, and after running it by Dream, he adds a response to the tweet.

‘Btw, apologies if you hear Dream in my stream- his office is at the other end of our house, but there still might be some echo’

Within seconds, his replies are exploding with ‘HOLY SHIT’ and ‘HE SAID ‘OUR HOUSE???’ ARE THEY LIVING TOGETHER?’ and ‘OH MY GOD IS DNF REAL?’

George laughs, and thinks ‘if only they knew how right they are.’ He and Dream had talked about coming out before, certainly- but had nothing planned. And at this point, if the secret slipped somehow, it would be okay.

So they stream, and the chat and donos are exploding with ‘You’re living together? Tell us about it!’ so George finally indulges them, after sending a quick text to Dream.

“Well...you all know about when I visited him in Florida two years ago, and when he visited me in

England, and our thought process was basically, um... 'We've been friends for so long, and we get along in real life, too, so why not?' Plus, it's cheaper than a billion plane tickets back and forth." George says, idly watching the chat fly by.

"And you didn't even invite me," Sapnap cuts in, fake pouting. George laughs.

"You're free to visit us anytime, Sapnap."

Sapnap laughs, and says "Maybe, if I think I can handle all the PDA and being a third wheel."

Without thinking about it, George responds "We're not that bad!"

Sapnap snorts. "You're *such* a PDA couple, don't even get me started. I remember that photo you sent me, of you kissing with the cotton candy- don't even try and argue with me, George!"

"You're both stupid," Dream cuts in, deadpan.

"Hmm?" George asks. The chat flies past, faster than George has ever seen it. "Oh. Right."

Dream starts laughing, and George joins in, and Sapnap won't stop apologizing, despite their reassurances that "It's okay, Sap, really- we were planning on saying it anyways, it's okay!"

As things are calming down, George gets a dono that asks 'Can we see this cotton candy photo?'

"Oh, um, that's up to Dream, really- I don't think it shows either of our faces, but that's still up to him."

"What's up to me?" Dream asks.

"If I can show the cotton candy photo on stream," George tells him. "I got a dono asking for it."

"Mmm...let me go look at it again, if my face is completely out of the way, then sure."

There's an easy silence for a few minutes as Dream searches through his files for the photo, and then he says, "Yeah, sure, you can show it."

"You sure?" George asks.

"I'm sure." Dream reassures him. "Hang on- I'll send it to you so you don't have to scroll."

'gross bf' sent an image on Discord, his computer tells him, and he clicks on it, making sure his stream still shows Minecraft, then fullscreens the image so nothing is accidentally shown, and then switches his windows.

"There you go, chat, are you happy now?"

The photo is a good one, he'll admit. George is wearing Dream's hoodie and holding the candy floss in front of their faces, and Dream is holding the camera- and despite the treat in front of them, it's clear that they're kissing.

His chat is zooming right now.

"Hey, Geooooorge?" Dream croons, and George sighs, smiling.

"Yes, Dream?"

“I love you.”

Even without a camera, George knows his boyfriend is sporting a shit-eating grin.

George rolls his eyes, faking exasperation, but his tone is fond when he says “I love you, too.”

His chat *explodes*.

~

It’s been two years and three months since George and Dream moved in together, and five and a half years since they started dating. Their channels are still going strong, even if they took a little bit of a hit after they came out. Sapnap’s visited, multiple times, and so has Bad (and Rat), and even Skeppy.

Dream still hasn’t face revealed, although there’s plenty of photos of he and George being cute, with Dream’s face hidden one way or another. (The cotton candy photo is still one of the most popular clips on George’s Twitch.)

They have date nights, occasionally. Proper ‘get dressed up’, ‘leave the house and spend time alone together’ dates. They leave the cats with the neighbor, and go out to a restaurant, or a movie, or the river, and if they’re feeling particularly romantic, the area overlooking the sea.

The overlook is precisely where they’re heading tonight, and Dream has a little grin that won’t leave his face, no matter how much George pesters him about it.

There’s no other cars there, when they get to the overlook, and Dream pumps his fist internally. What he’s about to do is something he’d rather be private. Jokingly, he offers his arm to George as they walk towards the pavilion, and George takes it with a small laugh.

They sit on the bench that they always do, and they watch the sun go down, and they talk. That’s one of the things that Dream likes most about their relationship; they were best friends even before they started dating, and they can always find something to comfortably chat about.

As the sun is about to vanish, Dream takes a deep breath and figures he should ask before he loses his nerve. He squeezes George’s hand, and his other slips into the pocket of his pants.

“Hey, um, George?”

“Yeah?”

Dream’s hands are shaking, and his heart is absolutely *racing*. But George’s smile is soft, and he’s looking at Dream like he’s his entire world, so Dream takes a deep breath and continues.

“I, uh, I didn’t really plan anything to say, I thought I’d be able to figure something out in the moment. Guess not.” Dream chuckles nervously. “But, um. Either way. I really love you, and I know I say it all the time, but I guess I just...want you to know that it’s always true. You’re the greatest thing that’s ever happened to me, George, and I know that’s cheesy, but it’s true. My life would be so different without you, and I don’t even want to *think* about that. And I want to stay with you. I want to spend the rest of my life telling you I love you, because it’s true, and just looking at you now makes my heart want to beat out of my chest.”

“So, um, pretty much what I’m saying is....George, will you marry me?”

Dream pulls out the little box from his pocket and opens it, and inside sits a simple silver band with

a brilliant blue gem, and George's hands fly up over his mouth.

"I- oh my god. Oh my god, Dream. *Clay*. Oh my god, I don't- I love you too. Oh my god, I-"
There's tears in his eyes, and Dream's sure his eyes are wet too.

"So is that a yes?" Dream asks, chuckling, and George dives towards him, capturing him in a kiss.

George is breathless as he murmurs a "Yes" against Dream's lips before leaning in for another kiss.

Dream's eyes flutter shut, and he hears George giggle.

"What's so funny?" He asks, pulling away and smiling curiously.

"Nothing, it's just- your eyelashes keep brushing my cheeks, when we kiss. And- I don't know, the more I think about it, the prettier I find your eyes." George tells him, arms still hanging over Dream's shoulders.

"Oh, yeah? Wait- my eyes are green, though."

George tilts his head to the side. "So I'm told, yes."

"You can't even see green- and you still think they're pretty?"

George pecks him on the lips softly and says "It's not about the colour, Clay. Now, are you going to give me my ring or not?"

Dream laughs, pretending like he isn't *incredibly* flustered from George's comment.

"Yeah. Hold out your hand for me."

It's a perfect fit, because of course it is.

(About three months later, George posts a photo on his instagram, of Dream smiling at the camera, George's hand cradling his face with his ring clearly visible, with the caption 'Look at my beautiful husband, everyone <3')

Chapter End Notes

haha fluff go brrr :)

I made it to the end!!! I wrote the whole thing in installments instead of writing it all beforehand!!! I'm proud of myself!!!

(See, it's okay to be proud of yourself, moonie >:(jk jk ily)

Serious moment- I'm so grateful for everyone who has commented on this fic, I /never/ expected it to blow up like it did. Much love to all of you, from the bottom of my heart!!! <3 <3 <3

Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

George doesn't need to see colour to love Dream, but Dream wants to get him a little gift anyways.

Chapter Notes

,,,but what if,,,he could see the colour of dream's eyes????

Big thanks to exi for beta reading and giving me encouragement, ilysm <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

They still go to that outlook together, every so often. Most nights, they go after sunset, to watch the stars, to admire a view that doesn't need colour. Even if George doesn't say it, he hates not being able to appreciate the sunset, not in the way Dream can.

But nonetheless, he lets Dream drag him to the outlook a little earlier one night, picnic supplies in the back and a small package he won't let George look at. He won't tell George what it is either, but if his sly little grins are any indicator, George thinks he's going to like it.

"This better be good, Dream." George warns. "Or else."

"Or else what? You'll divorce me?" Dream teases. George scoffs and rolls his eyes.

"I've already got the papers."

"Aww, c'mon Georgie, don't you love me? I'm the *best* husband." Dream pouts. George leans up and presses a kiss to his cheek.

"You are."

Dream just grins.

They make their way over to their bench, Dream insisting that he can carry everything.

"I can carry everything, George, it's okay- no peeking at your surprise!"

"Oh, come on- we both know you can't handle waiting to give me gifts, you *simp*."

"You can't call me a simp, I'm already your husband, you can't simp more than that!"

George laughs.

"Fair enough. Simp."

Dream huffs and sets the basket down on his end of the bench.

“Fine, you know what, this gift can wait a little bit then,” Dream teases. George pouts, and Dream leans in to plant a soft kiss on his cheek. “I still love you, even if you tease me relentlessly.”

“Aww, what a si-” George starts, but Dream cuts him off with a kiss pressed to his lips. George giggles and reaches up to kiss him back, hands on either side of his face.

“I love you too, Clay.” George murmurs when they pull away. He can see Dream’s face get pink, and he laughs inwardly at the fact that he can *still* get Dream flustered just by saying ‘I love you.’

Dream looks away, over to the side, and he gets a small frown on his face.

“Damn, I thought we would have more time...looks like I’m giving you your gift now,” He says, fake-sighing. George tilts his head to the side and smiles curiously.

“There’s a time constraint on this thing?”

“Ehh...not *exactly*, but...” Dream responds, digging through the basket. “Close your eyes for me?”

George complies. “Closed.”

He hears the sound of cardboard being opened, and the rustling of tissue paper and the click of plastic and then there’s something being gently placed on the bridge of his nose. Glasses of some kind, he thinks, but what...? Oh. *Oh*.

Eyes still closed, he gasps. “Dream, if these are what I think they are...”

“Open your eyes, Georgie.” Dream’s voice is quiet, but full of excitement, and George slowly opens his eyes. Dream is still there, sitting in front of him, and there’s a small smile on his lips, and impulsively, George leans in to kiss him again. He pulls away and rests his forehead on Dream’s, looking down at the ground.

“You- you- oh my god. Clay. I never thought- I didn’t think-”

“Look up, George.” Dream prompts softly, hand on George’s jaw. “There’s still sunset to appreciate.”

George looks up, and he doesn’t look over to the sunset. His eyes stay locked on his husband, and his breath *leaves him* when he looks at Dream’s eyes.

“Oh...oh my god, Clay, you’re fucking *beautiful*.”

Dream laughs, and blushes, and George can actually *see* the pink on his cheeks, instead of a change in the usual yellow tint.

He looks around, and he can see the green of the grass, and the green of Dream’s sweatshirt, and - most importantly- of Dream’s eyes. He already knew Dream’s eyes were stunning. He already had a handful of reasons (and then some) to appreciate them.

They’re so *green*. There’s flecks of darker green, and of teal, and there’s one little stripe of a bright green in one of his eyes and George has *never* been more in love.

“George- oh my gosh, George, no, don’t cry!” Dream’s hands cradle his face, and his thumbs swipe the tears away ever so gently. “I’m not that good looking, am I?” He teases, and George laughs wetly.

“You know how pretty I find your eyes. And that was *without* seeing the colour. And now...”

George trails off, smiling at Dream fondly. Dream smiles back, and presses a kiss to George's forehead.

"I love you, George."

"I love you too, Clay."

They stay like that for a long while, Dream's hands cupping George's face and George's hands on his waist. When they pull away, it's significantly darker and the sun has gone down completely, leaving no more colour in the sky.

Dream frowns, looking over the sea. "Aw. I wanted you to see the sunset tonight."

George leans in and presses a kiss to his cheek, then rests his head on Dream's shoulder. "I'd take you over a sunset any day."

He doesn't have to look up to know that his husband's face is bright red.

Chapter End Notes

yes there is still one more chapter and it's the fault of moonie's inspiration

Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

George looks back on his life, and reflects a little.

Chapter Notes

pls enjoy also thank u hayden for child information
if this seems rushed/forced it lowkey was sorry

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George wakes up and immediately rolls over onto his other side to get his eyes out of the sun. Next to him, Dream mumbles something and shifts his arm to grab George's waist a little tighter. George laughs softly and plants a kiss on Dream's cheek.

"Good morning, sleepyhead."

"Mmmm."

George presses more kisses to Dream's face, making him scrunch up his nose and grin despite himself. His husband's eyes stay closed, and he pulls the covers up higher towards his chin.

"Sleep in for a bit, love, I'll go check on Fiona."

Dream just hums in response and George can already see him falling back asleep, so he slips out of the bed and tucks the covers back around Dream. He pulls a sweatshirt from the floor and pulls it on over his head, exiting the room and heading down the hall to their 3-year-old daughter's room. She's sitting quietly in her crib, talking to her plush bunny rabbit and making it dance around.

"Good morning, honeypie!" He says, walking up to her. She looks up and smiles at him, putting her bunny to the side and raises her arms for him to pick her up. "Dada!"

He obliges her with a smile, picking her up and holding her in his arms as she cuddles her bunny, rubbing the soft fur on her cheek. Patches had walked into the room behind George, and now she's meowing at his legs, most likely wanting to be fed.

"Kitty!" Fiona exclaims, reaching a hand down towards the floor, squirming in George's arms. Patches meows again, sounding less than content, so George places a hand on Fiona's back and rights her.

"Let's eat some breakfast first, sweetie, I don't think Patches wants cuddles right now." George tells her, heading back out into the hallway and down the stairs, to the kitchen. He places Fiona in her high chair and lets her amuse herself with her bunny while he refills Patches' and Cat's food and water bowls. Patches starts eating right away and nuzzles at his ankle for a moment, in what he interprets as thanks.

He gets Fiona's food out of the fridge and gets it in a bowl, gets her bib, and lets her feed herself for the most part, looking over occasionally and hoping none gets on the floor today. He starts making coffee for himself and Dream, and as it brews, he looks through the cupboards for some proper breakfast. There's not much left in the way of cereal, or yogurt, or shredded cheese, and he's pretty sure they ran out of apples yesterday, so he closes the fridge with a small sigh and resigns himself to buttered toast. Guess they're going shopping today.

As he's standing at the counter, making his toast in between sips of coffee, Dream comes down the stairs and walks up behind George, arms encircling his waist. George can smell Dream's shampoo and his hair is wet against the side of George's head, so he can only assume Dream showered.

"You more awake now?" George asks softly, handing a mug to Dream.

"Very." Dream answers, pouring himself coffee with an obscene amount of creamer. George shakes his head and presses a kiss to Dream's cheek as he walks towards the table.

"We need to do the shopping today, can you look through the kitchen and make a list?" George calls behind him, setting his coffee out of Fiona's reach and grabbing her empty bowl. "Did it taste good, sweetie?"

Fiona nods, playing with her bunny again. She makes a face when he wipes the food off her face, but all is forgotten as soon as she's out of her chair and chasing after Patches. George follows her into the living room, watching her out of the corner of his eye as he texts Sapnap back.

"Hey, Georgie?" Dream calls from the kitchen.

"Yeah?" George calls back.

"Do we still have-"

"Gogy!" Fiona exclaims, still petting Patches carefully, like she'd been taught.

George moves his gaze over to his daughter incredulously, and then lets out a laugh. "Oh, no."

"Did she just say what I think she said?" Dream asks, walking into the room with a grin.

"Don't you even start- what were you going to ask me?"

Dream just laughs again, and leaves to keep making the list.

~

In the grocery store itself, Dream pushes the cart and coos at Fiona, keeping her distracted while George scours the shelves and puts things in the cart. As they loop their way through the aisles, George finds himself looking over at Dream and Fiona often, and he finds a small smile sneaking onto his face. It's his husband, and his daughter. That thought makes his smile even wider, and he has to turn away, for fear of being seen, and teased endlessly by Dream.

He's happy. He's so, incredibly, unbelievably happy.

Meeting Dream, becoming friends, becoming boyfriends and eventually *husbands*- it's by far, the best thing that's ever happened to him, his whole life long. He's sweet, and he's caring, and he's empathetic and funny and cheerful and more than a little handsome, to boot. He really lucked out,

he thinks, rubbing the ring on his finger; he watches Dream tickle Fiona yet again and hears her infectious giggle.

“Is Papa teasing you again?” He asks her, walking up to the cart. Fiona just giggles and holds her bunny protectively. George laughs softly in response, and leans up to press a kiss to Dream’s cheek.

“What was that for?” He asks quietly, easy smile on his face as he continues to push the cart.

George shrugs. “I love you.”

And he does.

Chapter End Notes

Gigantic thank you to everyone who has commented or helped me out with this in some way or another, you all really mean the world to me <3

techno voice I'M FREE

The angsty ending to this was that Dream dies at a youngish age before George gets enchroma glasses or before they get married so not only does he never get to see the green of Dream's eyes he has to see them close for the last time too :)

End Notes

Uhh might expand this?? If people really want??? Like do one shots based on the stuff mentioned????

discord.gg/CJg6M2j copy and paste into browser for my server :]

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!